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DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

JRJR

SUMMERTIME, IN THE MANHATTAN NEIGHBORHOOD OF HELL'S KITCHEN.
THE DAYS ARE BRIGHT AND HOT AND FULL OF MISCHIEF.
AND THE NIGHTS ARE COOL AND RESTLESS, WITH THE HUM OF THE CITY CALLING TO THIS BOY, THIS MATT MURDOCK.
CALLING TO HIM, PROMISING HIM SOMETHING HE CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND.
SOON DAD WILL CALL HIM IN AND MATT WILL TOSS UNDER COVERS AND STARE INTO THE NIGHT SKY...
...AND WAIT FOR THE DAWN.
AND MORE MISCHIEF.

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BUT YOU HAVE TO BE **SNEAKY** IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET **YELLED** AT.

MATT IS VERY, VERY SNEAKY.

THE NEXT MORNING.

OFFICER LIEBOWITZ IS DOING WHAT HE **ALWAYS** DOES.

HE'S TAKING ALL THE **FUN** OUT OF **EVERYTHING.**

WE WASN'T **HURTING** NOBODY!

YOU WAS **BREAKING THE LAW.**

THAT THERE **FIRE HYDRANT** IS **CITY PROPERTY** AND YOU WAS **PLAYING** IN IT.

FSHHH

YOU'RE JUST AN OLD **BLOWHEAD!**

YOU WATCH HOW YOU ADDRESS A **POLICE OFFICER,** YOUNG LADY--

--OR I'LL ROUND THE PACK OF YOU **UP.**

WHY CAN'T YOU ALL LEARN TO **BEHAVE**--

--LIKE THE **MURDOCK** BOY? HE'S **NEVER** IN TROUBLE, IS HE?

HEY!

COME BACK HERE!
GO! GO! GO!
THAT THERE CLUB IS CITY PROPERTY!
HUFF HUFF HUFF
WHO WAS THAT KID?...
THE BOY'S HEART FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE.
IT'S A GREAT FEELING.
BUT DAD WOULD BE REALLY SORE IF HE KNEW WHAT MATT'S DONE.
SO MATT TAKES THE NIGHTSTICK TO HIS FAVORITE PLACE.
A PLACE THAT SMELLS OF SAWDUST AND OLD SWEAT.
THE GYM.

MOST OF THE LOCKERS ARE EMPTY, THESE DAYS.

BUT THE GYM STILL CARRIES THE SMELLS--

--AND THE ECHOES OF PAST GLORY.

YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE CROWD CHEERING ON THEIR CHAMPION...

JACK MURDOCK VS. MANNY LIAZI

OCT. 8, 1964 4:00 PM

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

HEAVYWEIGHT ACTION

BORT VS COMO

SILORD VS LOPEZ

...BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK.

MATT'S DAD.

HE WAS THE BEST, IN HIS DAY.

MATT HEADS HOME AND HOPES DAD WON'T BE SAD AGAIN TONIGHT.

BUT THERE HE IS WITH THAT OLD PHOTOGRAPH AGAIN.

HE NEVER SAYS WHO SHE WAS...

MAGGIE...

...I'M SORRY, MAGGIE... I'M...

COME ON, DAD. LET'S GET YOU ON TO BED.

HNH?

...RIGHT, SON, YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, MATT.

A GOOD BOY, GOD BLESS YOU...

...AND I'M A SLOB AND I'M SORRY...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD. LET'S GET YOU TO BED.

THE GYM.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF ROUGH NIGHT FOR JACK MURDOCK.

WHUDD WHUDD WHUDD

WISE UP, MURDOCK. SLADE DOESN'T GET TIRED REAL EASY--

--AND I'M AFRAID HE'S STARTING TO ENJOY HIMSELF.

KHAFF

LET HIM...

THE FIXER'S TRYING TO DO YOU A FAVOR, YOU DORK.

A REGULAR JOB AIN'T SO EASY TO COME BY, THESE DAYS.

I WON'T...

YOU WILL.

YOU'LL WORK THE NEIGHBORHOOD FOR ME--COLLECT ON BAD DEBTS--OR YOU WILL DIE.

SO KILL ME. I WON'T WORK FOR THE MOB.

I WASN'T FINISHED, MURDOCK. YOU WILL COLLECT UNPAID PROTECTION MONEY--OR YOU WILL DIE--

--AND SO WILL YOUR BRIGHT-EYED BOY. YOUR LITTLE MATT.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN JACK MURDOCK DOES NOT HATE HIMSELF.

ONLY IN THE RING, ONLY IN THE HEAT OF COMBAT, WHEN HIS FISTS ARE SURE AND HIS LEGS ARE STRONG--

--AND HE FEELS HIMSELF AGAIN...

...AND HE FORGETS THE WAY HE SPENDS HIS DAYS...

...ONLY IN THE HEAT OF IT--

--WHEN HE IS A WARRIOR--

--NOT A MOB ENFORCER.

WHEN HE IS A CHAMPION--

--NOT A THUG.

BUT IT KEEPS FOOD ON THE TABLE. IT KEEPS MATT FED. IT BUYS MATT'S SHOES.

AND ALL IT COSTS JACK MURDOCK IS HIS SOUL.

MORALES COULD ONLY PAY UP HALF, FIXER.

THAT'S MISTER FIXER TO YOU, MURDOCK.

AND HALF AIN'T ALL OF IT, IS IT? TALK TO HIM AGAIN. HARDER.

HOME, AND MATT.

YOU PROMISE ME, SON.

BUT I CAN'T STUDY ALL THE TIME, DAD.

AND THE GUYS-- THEY CALL ME A SISSY. IT MAKES ME REALLY MAD.

IT MAKES ME WANT TO SOCK THEM AND I DON'T SEE ANY REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T.

YOU'D HAVE SOCKED THEM. YOU'D HAVE SOCKED THEM GOOD.

YEAH. I WOULD'VE.

AND LOOK WHERE MY FISTS HAVE GOTTEN ME.

WE OWE IT TO YOUR MOTHER, MATT. YOU'VE GOT TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL. YOU'VE GOT TO BE NOTHING LIKE ME.

YOU PROMISE ME, SON.

MATT PROMISES--

--BUT, A FEW WEEKS LATER, ON THE KIND OF DAY WHEN THE NEW YORK HEAT BRINGS RAISED VOICES AND CLENCHED FISTS...

...MATT MURDOCK PROVES HIMSELF TO BE HIS FATHER'S SON.

DAD!

I FINALLY *SHOWED* THAT *BARKLEY* KID!

HE TOOK A *POKE* AT ME AND I POKED HIM *RIGHT BACK!*

HE JUST *SAT DOWN* AND LOOKED *DUMB!* IT WAS *GREAT!*

DAMN IT, MATT.

DAMN IT!

KUFF

THEN DAD IS ALL TEARS AND **REGRET** AND MATT IS RUNNING FROM THEIR HOME, THROUGH THE CITY, DIRECTIONLESS, LOST.

HE HIT ME. THE THOUGHT IS SO BIG, SO CRAZY.

DAD HIT ME.

IT WAS WRONG.

DAD WAS WRONG.

AND IF EVEN DAD CAN BE WRONG, THEN **ANYBODY** CAN DO BAD THINGS. **ANYBODY AT ALL.**

THE ONLY WAY TO **STOP** PEOPLE FROM BEING BAD IS TO MAKE **RULES. LAWS.**

SOMEWHERE IN A LONG AND LONELY NIGHT THE BOY'S COURSE IS SET.

HE WILL STUDY THE **RULES.**

HE WILL STUDY THE **LAWS.**

IT IS A COSTLY CHOICE.

EVERY NIGHT-- EVERY WEEKEND-- MATT HAS TO FIGHT THE URGE TO LEAVE HIS LITTLE ROOM--

--AND ANSWER THE ENDLESS TAUNTS OF OTHER KIDS.

THE WORST OF IT IS THE NICKNAME THEY GIVE HIM.

HEY, DAREDEVIL! COME ON OUT!

DAREDEVIL!

RECESS BECOMES PURGATORY.

BUT MATT DOES NOT FIGHT.

HE OBEYS THE RULES.

AND STILL THEY CHANT...

DAREDEVIL

DAREDEVIL

DAREDEVIL

DAREDEVIL

YOU COULD'VE FOUGHT BACK, MATT. YOU'RE SUCH A WEENIE.

HIS FAVORITE PLACE.

THE GYM.

ENDLESS STOLEN HOURS.

AT THE BAG.

HIS SECRET TIME--

--WHEN HIS FISTS ARE LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE--DROWNING OUT HIS ANGRY SOBS...

...AND, UNNOTICED BY MATT, SOMEONE OBSERVES. AND WAITS...

A SHADOW, UNMOVING, SILENT, FEELING THE BOY'S FURY...

...AND WAITING FOR THE DAY THE BOY WILL MEET HIS DESTINY.

IT'S A PICTURE PERFECT DAY, ONE MATT WILL NEVER FORGET.

THE LAST HE WILL EVER SEE.

A HELPLESS OLD BLIND MAN-- A CAREENING TRUCK--

--A DECISION MADE FASTER THAN THOUGHT--

--GALLONS OF HORRID, SPEWING MUCK--

--PAIN--

--AND DARKNESS--

--BRAVEST THING I EVER SAW! BUT HIS FACE-- HIS EYES...

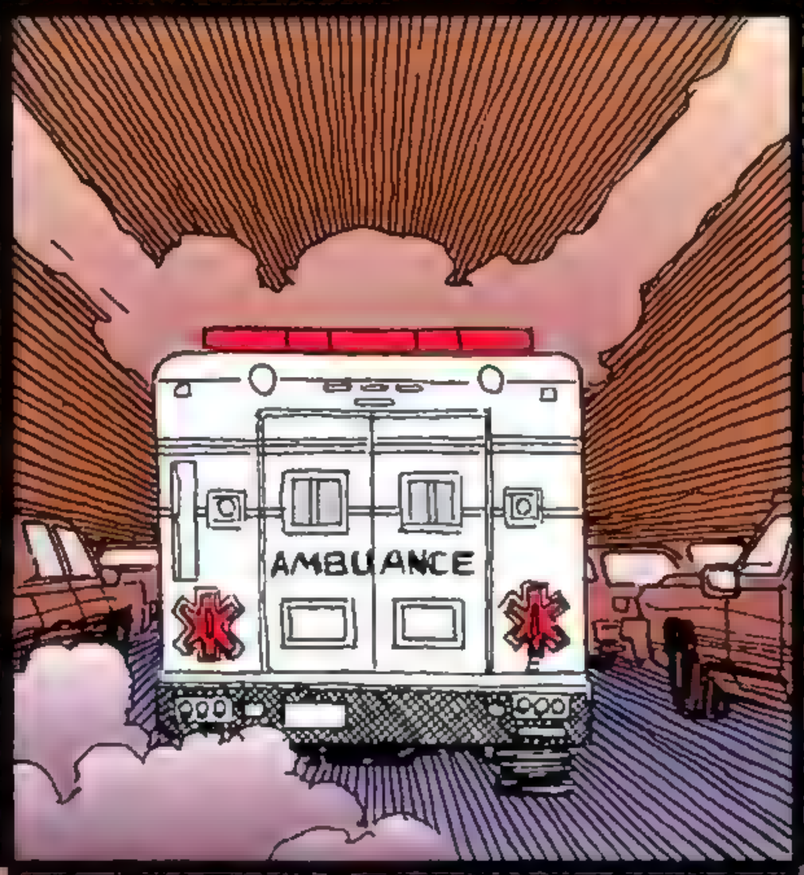
MY GOD-- THAT STUFF IN HIS EYES--

--IS IT RADIOACTIVE?

YES...

...YES. IT COURSES THROUGH HIS BLOOD. IT CHANGES HIM.

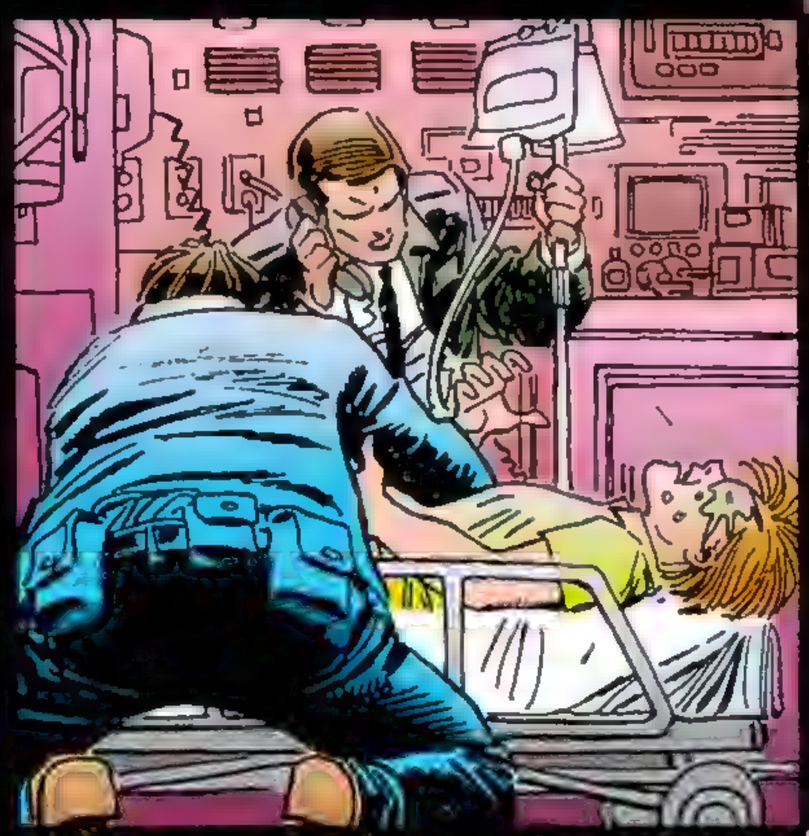
HIS BLOOD. IT BURNS...



...IT GUSHES THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES AND SLAMS AGAINST THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS.

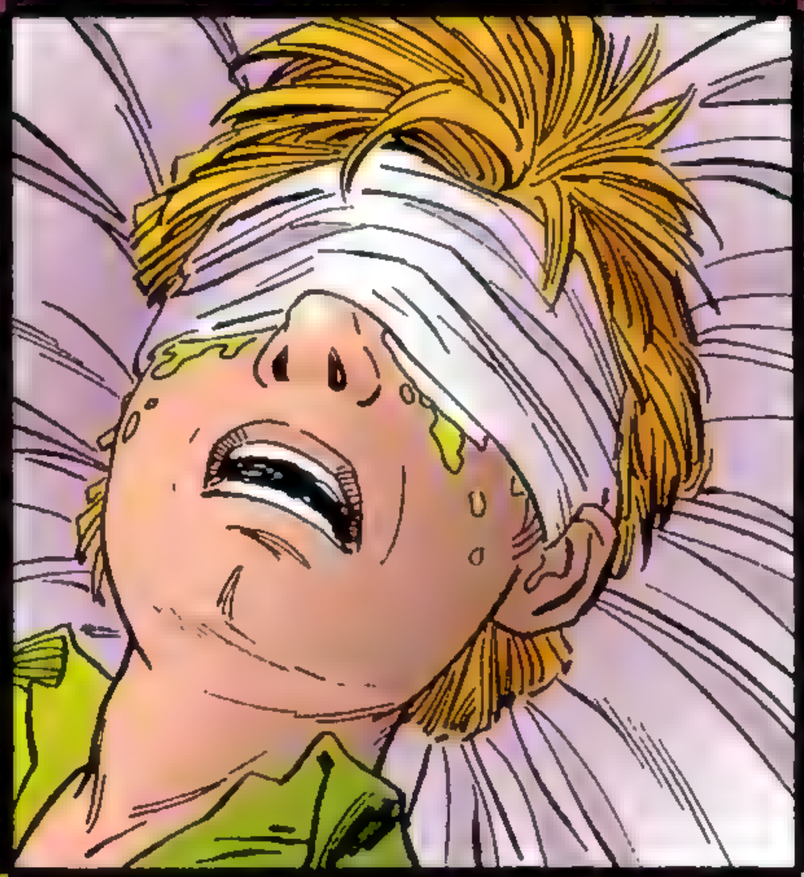


SANDPAPER SCRAPES HIS SKIN EVERY TIME HE MOVES--NO--NOT SANDPAPER--SHEETS--STARCHED SHEETS--

--AND THE SMELLS... CHEMICAL SMELLS. DISINFECTANTS.

HOSPITAL, HE THINKS. I'M IN A HOSPITAL.

PEOPLE COME AND GO, SMELLING LIKE BATHTUBS FULL OF SWEAT--LIKE EATEN FOOD--LIKE ITALIAN SAUCES AND HALF-DIGESTED EGGS--



--THEY STAB HIM WITH NEEDLES AND FILL HIM FULL OF DRUGS BUT DRUGS DON'T FOOL HIM. HE KNOWS THEY CUT HIS FACE.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

ALL HE WANTS IS TO DIE.

BUT HE DOESN'T DIE. SO HE HAS TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A WHILE HE SOMEHOW SHUTS IT OUT.

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

WHAT HAS HE BECOME?

DAD DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. NOBODY UNDERSTANDS.

EXCEPT THE WOMAN. THE STRANGER WHO COMES.

SHE SOOTHES HIM. SHE CALLS THESE CRAZY SENSES A BLESSING AND MAKES HIM PROMISE TO KEEP THEM A SECRET. EVEN FROM DAD.

SHE KISSES HIS FOREHEAD. HER LIPS ARE SOFT AND LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD DANGLES FROM HER NECK...

...IT'S A CROSS. MADE OF GOLD.

SHE LEAVES, TAKING HER MYSTERY WITH HER.

BUT HE FEELS CALMER NOW. STRONGER.

HE WILL SURVIVE THIS.

HE WILL SURVIVE THIS.

WEEKS LATER.

MATT LISTENS TO A PAIR OF ALLEY CATS TRADING HISSES SIX BLOCKS AWAY.

HE FOLLOWS A LOVER'S QUARREL IN A CROWDED RESTAURANT, ISOLATING THE VOICES, NOT MISSING A WORD.

BUT NONE OF THIS DROWNS OUT THE VOICES BEHIND HIM...

...A TRAGEDY, MR. MURDOCK. YOU HAVE OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHIES. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT OUR CORPORATION CONSIDERS ITSELF IN NO WAY ACCOUNTABLE.

IT WAS YOUR JUNK THAT HIT MY BOY, SHYSTER!

LET'S TALK STRAIGHT, MURDOCK--

--IF YOU TALK TO THE *PRESS* OR MAKE ANY ATTEMPT TO FILE A *COMPLAINT* AGAINST US--

--WE'LL REVEAL YOUR *OWN* INVOLVEMENT WITH THE *FIXER*.

YOUR BOY IS *BLIND*. NOTHING CAN *CHANGE* THAT. DO YOU WANT HIM TO BE THE SON OF A *CONVICT*, AS WELL?

WEEKS GO BY.

EVERYBODY PITIES MATT.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO HELP HIM CROSS THE STREET.

BUT THERE IS NO PITY IN THE MAN WHO TRAILS HIM.

NO PITY. NO MERCY.

ONLY COLD CLEAR PURPOSE.

AND NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO SEE WHAT MATT MURDOCK IS MADE OF.

THAT NIGHT.

IN THE GYM.

IT USED TO BE MATT'S FAVORITE PLACE--

--BUT NOW IT'S FILLED WITH CRIES OF FRUS-TRATION-- TEARFUL FURY--

--AND LOW SOBS THAT SPEAK OF DEFEAT.

HE CAN'T SEE.

HE CAN'T SEE.

HE'S USELESS.

QUIT FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF.

GET UP.

WHO?...

HE CALLS HIMSELF STICK...

...AND ONCE HE STARTS TALKING, HE DOESN'T STOP.

HE TAKES MATT TO A DIRTY, DUSTY BASEMENT.

I WAS BORN BLIND, KID. ON THE STREET. AND I MADE MY WAY. SO DON'T GIVE WITH ANY MORE BELLY-ACHING OR I'LL FLATTEN YOU.

YOU'LL TRAIN HERE. EVERY SPARE HOUR YOU HAVE. IF YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH, I'LL MAKE YOU A WARRIOR.

I'M NOT SAYING YOUR CHANCES ARE GOOD. YOU'RE UN-DISCIPLINED. IN-DULGENT. EMOTION-AL. BUT I'M TAKING A CHANCE WITH YOU-- BECAUSE I NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET.

WHAT KIND OF HELP?

NO QUESTIONS. HOLD OUT YOUR HAND. CON-CENTRATE.

FEEL THE AIR.

BUT THERE'S NO WIND.

SHUT UP. CONCENTRATE.

THE AIR'S FILLING THE ROOM.

ONE WALL'S CLOSER THAN THE OTHER. FEEL IT.

NOW THE OTHER WALL. FEEL IT.

CONCENTRATE.

CONCENTRATE.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE!

SMACK

DO YOU FEEL THIS?

OW! THAT HURT!

SMACK

KNOCK IT OFF!

MATT SWINGS HIS CANE--

--STRIKING NOTHING--

--AGAIN--

--THEN...

KUNK

...AND A WHISPER OF MOVEMENT...

...A SHAPE --FORMED BY AIR...

TOK

HOW'D I DO THAT?

SO YOU'RE OUT OF *KINDERGARTEN*. DON'T GET *COCKY*.

MONTHS FALL AWAY. HINTS OF A NEW WORLD PLAY AT MATT'S MIND.

IN THE GRUFF, UNFORGIVING VOICE OF HIS TEACHER-- MATT FINDS HOPE...

CREAK OF WOOD. WIRE-- NO, CATGUT, STRETCHED. THAT'S A BOW YOU'RE HOLDING.

WHAT THE HECK ARE A COUPLE OF BLIND GUYS SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A BOW?

THIS...

THUNK

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN. FIND THE TARGET. SMELL IT. FEEL ITS SHAPE.

CONCENTRATE.

KASHH

NO GOOD. GO AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

...UNTIL MATT'S KNEES WOBBLE AND RED-HOT PAIN STREAKS FROM SHOULDER TO ELBOW TO WRIST...

AGAIN.

SPAK

AGAIN.

SPAK

AGAIN.

SPAK

...UNTIL THE DUST OF THE OLD BASEMENT FILLS HIS CHEST WITH FIRE...

...UNTIL HIS BLIND EYES CRY WITH THE EFFORT...

...UNTIL MATT NO LONGER CARES...

...THEN...

THUNK!

I DID IT! I COULD FEEL IT! I CAN FEEL EVERYTHING--

OWW!

ANYBODY CAN DO IT ONCE.

AGAIN!

THUNK

SKIKK THUNK

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, JACK MURDOCK FINDS HIS SON ASLEEP, EXHAUSTED.

A FINE BOY, HE THINKS. STUDYING LIKE A DEMON.

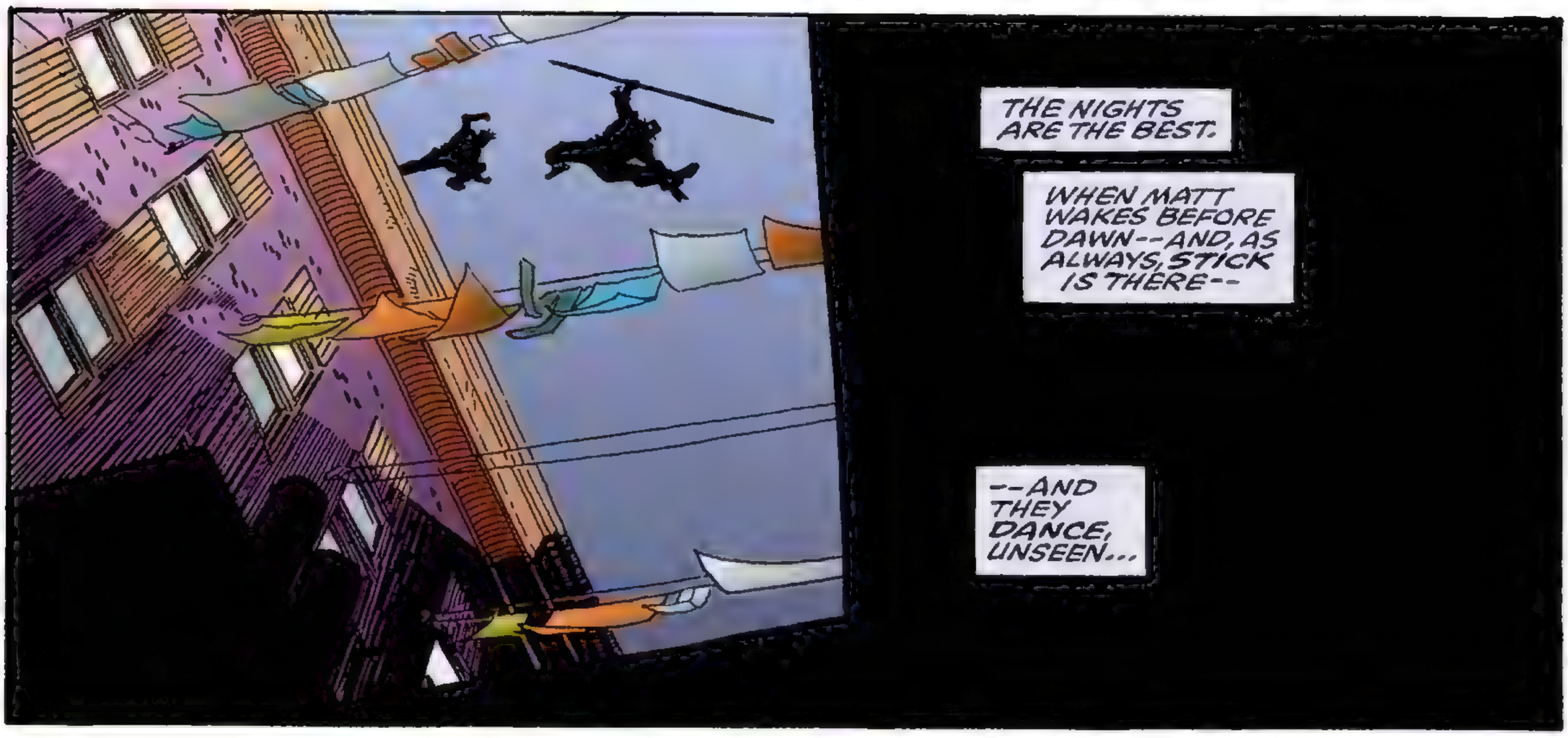
HE'S RIGHT.

BUT MATT'S STUDIES GO FAR BEYOND HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY AND LAW...

...INTO A REALM OF NEAR-MAGIC.

AND STICK WAITS.

AND HOPES.


THE NIGHTS ARE THE BEST.
WHEN MATT WAKES BEFORE DAWN--AND, AS ALWAYS, STICK IS THERE--
--AND THEY DANCE, UNSEEN...

CENTRAL PARK. A SPRING MORNING.

JACK MURDOCK JOGS. A FIGHTER HAS TO KEEP IN SHAPE.

A FIGHTER... HE FEELS LIKE A FIGHTER AGAIN.

SIX VICTORIES IN A ROW. SIX KNOCKOUTS. AT HIS AGE. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE BUT THERE IT IS--

--AND NOW HE'S SET FOR A BOUT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

HE FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

LIFE IS GOOD AGAIN.

AND BEST OF ALL, HE HASN'T GOTTEN ORDERS FROM THE FIXER IN MONTHS...

YOU'RE PUSHING YOURSELF TOO HARD, MURDOCK. YOU'RE NOT A YOUNG MAN ANYMORE.

I HAVEN'T BEEN DOING SO BAD, FIXER.

OH, COME NOW. ARE YOU SO THICK YOU THINK YOU EARNED THOSE KNOCKOUTS? WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL ME THE FIXER?

YOU'RE A SET-UP, OLD MAN. I'VE MADE YOU FLAVOR OF THE MONTH IN THE BOXING WORLD, AND YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME A BUNDLE OF MONEY--

--WHEN YOU THROW TOMORROW'S FIGHT.

NO ARGUMENTS, MURDOCK. THE USUAL THREATS APPLY.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. THE NEXT NIGHT.

ROUND FOUR.

THIS IS IT, MURDOCK. JUST GIVE HIM AN OPENING AND FALL DOWN LIKE YOU SHOULD. THINK ABOUT THAT *BOY* OF YOURS.

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT, YOU *BUM*.

I'M THINKING *MY BOY* IS *OUT* THERE-- IN THE *AUDIENCE*--

--AND I'M THINKING ABOUT HOW I TOLD HIM *ONE THING* WORTH A DAMN.

I TOLD HIM TO *NEVER* GIVE UP. *NEVER*.

IT'S TIME I SHOWED HIM HIS DAD MAY BE A *LOSER*--

--BUT HE'S NO *QUITTER*.

EXIT

1:33

BAKER

EXIT

FUDD FUDD

KRAK'K

...SIX...SEVEN ...EIGHT...

EXIT

...NINE ...TEN... HE'S OUT!

BATTLIN' MURDOCK WINS!

LATER.

JACK MURDOCK EXITS THE STADIUM.

STRANGELY CALM.

EX

READY FOR WHAT'S COMING.

I KNOW YOU'RE THERE. GET IT OVER WITH.

THEY TAKE THEIR TIME.

UNTIL THE SOUNDS ARE **WET** AND THE PULPY THING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN SAGS, NOT FEELING IT.

MURDOCK STILL STARES ON, CONSCIOUS, BEYOND CARING.

AT THE END, THROUGH THE BLOOD, TOOTHLESS, HE THROWS THE **FIXER** A YOUNG MAN'S **GRIN.**

AT THE END, IT'S A **MERCY.**

BLAM

ZONE

E E
M R
P I